Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, MARCH 5, 1914 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE GREAT CITY

✣ ✣ ✣

A GREAT CITY is that which has the greatest men and women. If it be but a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

✣ ✣ ✣

Where children are taught the laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves,

Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs,

Where speculations on the Soul are encouraged,

Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as the men.

Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men;

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,

Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,

Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,

Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,

There the great city stands.

—Walt Whitman.

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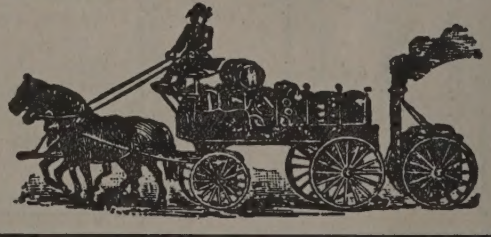

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1914. NUMBER 1.

TO UNITY

Dear little paper that in homely dress—
Uncaring thou for glitter, color, sheen
And padded thrift of pompous magazine—
Comest my quiet hour to cheer and bless!
'Tis the week's close, and all its care and stress
Fall from my spirit, as to heights serene
The living thoughts thy pages dear between
Uplift my heart their comfort to confess.

Justice and Judgment, Sympathy and Love,
Hate of Oppression, War, and guilty Greed,
Hope to the downcast, Cheer earth's life to leaven—
All these thou bringest; surely from above
Thy messages are sent to meet life's need—
Earth-lover thou, yet pointest souls to Heaven.

L'ENVOI.

Would I could thee endow with such increase
Of golden power from consecrated wealth
That thy winged words of warning, help and health
Might haste the day when war on earth shall cease
And bring the reign of Universal Peace.

—HELEN EKIN STARRETT.

Across the sea UNITY would send its sincerest sympathy to its Baptist fellow-workers on the death of Dr. Newton Marshall. He was a young man in the morning of life, finely trained in the best scholarship of England, of undoubted genius, of prophetic temper. It is a part of the deep pity of things that such a man should fall asleep upon the threshold of a distinguished career as a Christian minister. As Joseph Parker said, "Such mysteries are naked swords, and it is not safe to handle them." Marshall was one of Dr. Clifford's "boys," and the tribute which the "grand old man" paid to his fallen son in the gospel was unforgetable in its tenderness, insight, and valor of faith. Why should night come in the morning? Who can say? Unless one is willing to walk by faith he cannot walk at all in the dim country of this world.

How good it is to hear once more the mellow, haunting eloquence of David Swing! A little book called "The Message of David Swing to his Generation," edited, appropriately, by Dr. Hillis, brings back the vanished preacher who was wont to stand in the now vanished Music Hall, and we hear that slow, drawling voice. What a strange oratory it was, how chaste and moving withal, how nobly persuasive in behalf of the best things. The title of the book is hardly true to its contents, for the message of Swing includes much more than his literary essays and his appreciations of great men. Nevertheless, it will speak to those who loved the gentle preacher whose great congregation is not yet dismissed from earth, and whose influence lingers like an atmosphere of sweet reasonableness—a humane and refined spirit touching the life of his city and his age, ameliorating crudities, softening bitternesses, and modifying the spiritual climate.

"Theodore Munger, New England Minister," by Benjamin W. Bacon, is a study of the life and thought of one of the noblest preachers of recent decades. So brief a note may not enter into the theological questions with which the life of Dr. Munger had to do, except to say that he tried to heal the breach between liberal and orthodox thinkers by leading both to a larger insight. His "Freedom of Faith" and "The Appeal to Life" are books rich in fruitful Christian thinking; but the one great theme of his life, over which he brooded with wonder and awe, was the Pity of Christ. So long did he live with it, think about it, and muse over it, that he came, toward the end, to wear something of the very aspect of his Master. Never can the writer of this note forget a day-long visit with Dr. Munger near the end-time—the very memory of it is like music. It may be, as has often been said, that those who die early, with the light of morning on their faces, are more lovely than those left "to add more miles to the tally of grey miles left behind," but the memory of that furrowed, love-worn, God-illumined face will never fade. Yea, the beauty of the Lord our God was upon it! Such a memory is a gracious light in which to read this well-written story and study of his reverent and beautiful ministry.

Congratulations are due to Mr. Alfred Noyes upon the success of his lecture tour in this country, which closes in March. It began with the Lowell lectures in Boston, and so large were the audiences which crowded to hear the poet talk of "The Sea in English Poetry," that he must needs return and repeat the lectures. Everywhere Mr. Noyes has been received with eager, enthusiastic audiences. In most of his readings he made it a point to read "The Winepress," a tale of the Balkan war so vivid in its vision of war from the point of view of the men who do the fighting, that it makes the heart stand still. Some of the lines of that poem stab like swords—for the poet is a soldier in the war against war. He shows the insensate folly and crime of war, the blood-lust and cruelty which it unlooses, the pangs and agony which afflict

the non-combatants—the whole ghastly business sickens and shames one. What lines are these:

He yelled like a wolf to drown the cry
Of his own soul in pain.
To stifle the God in his own breast,
He yelled and struck and cursed with the rest,
And the blood bubbled over his boots
And greased his hands again.

Nor has anything written in recent time surpassed in prophetic fervor and insight the lines with which the poem closes, in which the souls of the dead peasants of the winter war in the Balkans rise up and chant the end of war. Such a singer is a gift of God to a time like this, standing as he does in the great Tennyson tradition and speaking in behalf of a better day yet to be when "the better angels of our nature" shall have sway over the nations.

Not long ago the enterprising editor of the *Christian Commonwealth,* London, sent out letters to leading men and women of England asking each one to state briefly the faith he lives by—not his ecclesiastical affiliations, but that aspect of reality by which he is helped and cheered in his work. Every man, said the letter, must surely have a faith, a hope, a dream of some kind, but for which he would have little joy in his work, and perhaps be tempted to give it up. Eighty-four replies were received, and they make a remarkable symposium. It is noteworthy that all the musicians express the most radiant faith, as if to confirm the words of Browning: "'Tis we musicians know." Most of these leaders of thought and action frankly admit that the church has nothing for them, and that it has largely lost its influence. Some examples of the faith by which the men of to-day live are as follows:

William Barrett, scientific phychist: "It is the sense of Fatherhood, the ideal of God above us, and the sense of Brotherhood, the ideal of God among us, by which I live. The churches have lost the meaning of the word religion—which means the re-binding of the race together—and have made it an external process, like tying leaves on a winter tree."

Domenico Mattaini, editor of *Modern Culture:* "I believe in the God of all believing men. That is, my faith is rooted in the unity of the common human brotherhood, without any religious distinction."

Bradlaugh Bonner, daughter of Charles Bradlaugh: "The faith I live by? I do not recognize the phrase. I have no faith, but just the common sense recognition of the fact that if one wants happiness he must earn it by giving happiness to others. What a man believes matters little, it is what a man does that is of importance; and as each generation holds the future of the next in its hands, it is the duty of every person so to live that the world will be better, and not worse, for his having lived."

Herbert Burrows, veteran Socialist, finds his faith in his cause: "My faith is summed up in three words—the New Humanitarianism. That is my religion—the fellowship of man—and it brings me a sure and certain hope."

Dr. T. K. Cheyne, feared as a higher critic: "The faith I live by is largely that of St. Paul. My ideal is, 'It is no longer I that live, but Christ that is in me'."

Justin McCarty: "The question you ask is difficult to answer for those who seek, and have not gained, their own truth. So far as I can make confession in so grave a matter, I may say that I find help in the message of the German poet, telling its hearers 'to reverence in manhood the dreams of youth'."

Stephen Reynolds, dramatic critic: "My faith? Me? Why, I do not in the least know what my faith is. Do not want to know. A faith that can be put into words is not faith, but belief. If there is another life, well and good. If not, well and good. That's how it will be whether it is or not. Meanwhile, there is lots else to do."

H. G. Wells: "I do not call myself a Christian, and I regard myself as a religious man. I am convinced that whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and that recklessness is an essential quality of the spiritual life. I believe that intelligence is essential to salvation, and that mental indolence is the unforgivable sin. I have a horror of churches, but I love the Quakers."

Henry Arthur Jones: "What props, thou asketh, in these bad days, my friend? My creed, so far as I can state it, is that of Matthew Arnold in the chant of "Empedocles at Etna": "Thou must not dream, thou needest not despair."

Robert Hitchens, author of "The Garden of Allah": "Tolstoy is right, I think, in saying that love is the basis of all true religion. It is often difficult to love. But I find it harder to hate my fellow man, and hope I always may."

Maartens Maartens: "The faith I would live and die in —why should I not speak of it? It is the faith of Eschylus and of Isaiah, of Shakespeare, Angelo, and Goethe: Thou doest all things, and all thoughts are known unto Thee."

Tagore, the Hindu poet: "From Supreme Love the world has its birth. In Supreme Love it has its life. Towards Supreme Love it progresses, and in it it has its end."

Alice Maynell: "Christianity is the faith I cling to in life, and hope to cling to in death"; and Ellen Fowler states her faith thus:

"The world is weary of new tricks of thought
That lead to nought;
Sick of quack remedies prescribed in vain
For mortal pain.
Yet still, above them all, one Figure stands,
With outstretched hands."

Confessions such as these suggest many reflections. For one thing they all agree that faith of some kind is necessary, and all of them have a faith—including those who deny having any. These men and women take a spiritual view of life, and hold that, whatever our beliefs or dsbeliefs, life is not a thing to be shuffled through, and that we must not shirk. Their attitude is that life is a great adventure. Faith with them is not a creed so much as a sally of the will, a challenge of the unconquerable soul of man. Despite much diversity of speech and point of view, these writers practically agree on the things most important, or at least in a wholesome, hopeful, heroic attitude toward the universe. Reader, what is the faith by which you live? —J. F. N.

The Self-Righteous Abstainers

It is a frequent criticism that temperance people are, as a rule, offensively self-righteous. They pride themselves, we are told, on being much superior to other people simply because they do not drink. They belong to the "one-morality" class, who seem to think that sobriety is the only virtue: so narrow that they can see no good in those who drink, while they regard any one who does not use liquor as a saint, however imperfect in other respects he may be. They exaggerate both the evils of intemperance and the benefits of abstinence. There are probably such persons among the advocates of temperance. But they do not represent the rank and file. At present, abstainers look upon sobriety, not so much as a personal virtue

over which to be proud, as a public duty to which they are solemnly called by every consideration of human welfare. They are not *self-righteous,* but simply obedient to the imperative demands of *civic righteousness.*

I. Who can realize the vicious domination of the Liquor Interests in every city-hall and state-house, exercising everywhere a vast power for evil,—who can look upon their iniquity and remain silent and inactive? To fight this enemy of mankind is not to be self-righteous, but to be patriotic. The true citizen is called upon to abstain in simple loyalty to good government. He has no right to contribute even so much as the price of a beer-bottle to the forces that make for unclean politics.

II. Who can realize how extensively distillers and brewers muzzle the press of the land and ignore their poisoning of the sources of general information and public opinion? They coerce editors, who, from fear of losing advertisements, shut their columns even to articles on scientific temperance. On this account, there are few great dailies in the land that will print attractive descriptions of discoveries respecting the evils of alcohol now being made in the leading laboratories of the world. Newspapers in general refuse to educate the people respecting the injury done by drink as made clear by insurance records, athletic contests, industrial experience, and medical practice. The Liquor Men crack their whips, and editors refuse to print the temperance news of the day. On the other hand, many articles appear, written by publicity agents of "the trade," full of error and falsehood, but no corrections are allowed by these editors. They fear the men who stand behind the saloons. All this is true to an extent that is now little realized even by thoughtful people. To keep free from all alliance with this iniquitous power; to refuse to countenance this gigantic evil by doing even so slight an act as drinking a glass of beer or whisky; to vote whenever possible against this foul despotism of greed in restraint of knowledge and virtue: This is not to be self-righteous, but it is a heroic act of helpfulness to our fellow men.

III. Who can realize how Drink leads to a constant "slaughter of the innocents" and remain indifferent to the temperance cause. Thousands of children born diseased or defective every year because parents drink. Thousands of children dying every year from inherited weakness or unsanitary condition due to parental drinking. Thousands of children brought up in vicious surroundings and doomed to criminal careers because there are so many saloons which devour the wages of the family. Thousands of children early taken out of school and compelled to go to work prematurely because their fathers are drunkards. Thousands of children incited to sexual irregularities or made the victims of the "white slave traffic" by the use of liquor. Thousands of children growing up in unwholesome conditions who contract tuberculosis and die in early life, not only causing intense sorrow but robbing the nation of its invaluable human resources. To love children understandingly one must hate the saloon. To fight this enemy of the child is not self-righteousness, but a noble service to humanity.

IV. Who can realize how Drink destroys or lessens the industrial efficiency of millions of men and remain indifferent respecting this great Curse of all classes and races? Thousands of accidents (many fatal) directly or indirectly caused by the use of liquor, entailing loss in many directions. Thousands of diseases induced or aggravated by drinking habits: an untold number of days of labor lost in this way. Thousands sent to prisons, asylums and poor-houses by Drink, subtracting from the nation's resources and adding to the burdens of taxpayers. Thousands of young men made worthless by the saloons, who otherwise would have contributed to the useful products of the land. Thousands of public officials made inefficient or corrupt by the influences which center in the dram shop and are fostered by the drink habit.

But why continue? The list is endless! To keep one's life free from this blight and fight this enemy of the world's work is not to be self-righteous, but to honor God and bless man. To abstain is not to over-emphasize one virtue, but to promote all the moralities.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Helping to Make America Today

Large numbers of social workers only arrive at the state of being "helpers" of the people. There is something better—to be a comrade and a friend. Thousands of the immigrants who have come to the gates of our nation have come to help us. It is one of the last thoughts to many of these brave folk that they have come for *our* help. I speak as one of them. I had a secret fear, when our vessel was ploughing towards these shores, that all the work would be done before arriving, that I should not arrive in time to do anything for America. A large part of the attraction to this land was derived from the only books about America which I had read—books of pioneers, stories of the men and women who were changing the woods into "templed hills," and shedding "Freedom's holy light" into every nook of the nation. This is still the vision of many across the seas. And it is only as the ship nears the land that serious reflection compels us to say to our ardent spirits that the pioneers lived long ago and perhaps the work is all done. But still they come; not for charity, not for help, not for investigators nor even for the welcome so rarely given. They come to work, to toil, to help make one con-

tinent, at least, on this old planet, a "sweet land of Liberty." When we know this and learn to know these strangers, we shall approach them not only with the helping hand but with the co-operating hand. We shall ask what is *their* vision, what do *they* hope, what dream can *they* interpret to us. They must sit at our feet to learn some things, but we must also sit at their feet for some other things. We must ask them questions, we must let them answer. Let us once begin and we shall come gladly to anyone who has guided us to their homes, and say, "I am so glad you introduced me to that man from Poland, he's a fine friend to have;" or "I never supposed that Russian Jew was so interesting and splendid, till I met Nathaniel, and as for that Italian chap, I cannot tell you how glad I am to know him!"

EDWIN A. RUMBALL.

Charles Dickens

"God must have loved the common people, he made so many of them," said our great commoner in the White House who had supped with them in log cabins and toiled beside them splitting rails. It was these common folk, the half washed, the underfed, the patient toilers for daily bread who, despite "their tricks and their manners," not always lovely, appealed to Charles Dickens as to no romancer who had lived before him.

He was the Cobden and Wilberforce of romance. His words opened men's eyes to their hungry brethren and opened many a prison door at least half way. His democratic spirit rose in wrath against the petrified injustice and pious humbug that disgraced English statute books and nineteenth century society and its miscalled charities.

The writer who is to live in the love of his fellowmen as Dickens has must be no mere brilliant reporter, but a sympathetic interpreter. There are many things to be interpreted to dull eyes and one must choose. He chose to interpret "the least of these our brethren." He showed beauty, power and wit where the casual glance saw only shabbiness, feebleness and bad grammar. His Christmas Carol is the interpretation to his generation of the Beatitudes.

He honored woman and his books reveal a sense of the sacredness of the marriage bond which much modern fiction so markedly lacks. His power of minute observation, of delineating his characters with the precision of a cameo, his wit and humor and imagination made him the peer in intellect of his great contemporaries, Carlyle and Tennyson, and the galaxy of writers of the Victorian age. But his revelation of the lowly to a snobbish world extended his influence beyond theirs and made him, spite of certain defects, perhaps the best beloved author of his century.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

"'Underneath are the Everlasting arms': Someone holding us up to the mark. They have cradled many and grown strong and mighty. No dead hand of the past, but the living hands of God gently keep us up." —*Edwin A. Rumball.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

Here is one of the "innumerable applications for help." Its chirography cannot be reproduced, but the spelling and some other peculiarities are:

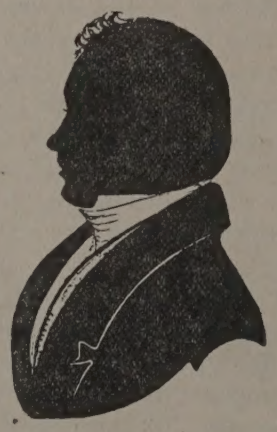
Syracuse June the 8 1869

mr. Smith. I am left alone I am a widow and got one child to take Care of and as my helth is not good this spring I thought I would right to yo and see if yo would be so kind as to help me to some money. I hear that yo are kind to the poor and if yo are kind enought to right and send me some it is a kindness to me mrs ———.

Syracuse ———— St.

pleas right

This letter did not fail to receive attention. Mr. Smith enclosed it to Mr. May, saying to him: "If you can without much inconvenience find the writer of this letter, I will thank you to give her the enclosed two dollars." And Mr. May, "the Lord's Chore-boy," as his friends called him, found the poor woman, and she found in him another friend.



Elijah P. Lovejoy

Silhouette of Anti-slavery's Proto-Martyr

Another letter, very different from that of the illiterate widow, in which the writer applies for financial assistance, is of importance for its association with an historic tragedy. Its writer was Rev. Jos. C. Lovejoy, a brother of the martyr. Before giving it, the reader will be glad to have the privilege of reading a letter from Elijah P. Lovejoy himself, written only two months previous to his murder. It lies before the writer of these pages, written on blue paper, faded with time, and runs thus:

Alton, Sept. 4, 1837.

Gerrit Smith, Esq.

Dear Brother:—Before this reaches you, by other channels of information you will have learned that the *Observer*, of which I am the editor, has once more been made the victim of *Lynch law*. But the Lord reigneth; and this renewed instance of the wrath of man shall yet be made to praise him.

I write now to you, Brother Smith, for the purpose of

asking a particular favor. It is no less than that you will *visit us this fall.* We purpose, the Lord willing, to have an Anti-Slavery Convention, for the purpose of forming a State Anti-Slavery Society. But we need help *greatly.* Many of our friends here are young converts, all are inexperienced, we have a dreadful opposition to encounter, and we need the advice, the counsel, the encouragement of those older brethren and friends who have dealt with mobs and braved a vicious public sentiment. We have already some two or three hundred names to be appended to a call for a convention. The call will be issued in a few days, and the convention will assemble in Upper Alton, the first Thursday in November. But it is very desirable you should be here two, or at least one week before the meeting, that we might have your counsel in *shaping* our proceedings.

I write not my own wishes simply, but those of many of the friends in this state, in making this request that you would come to our help. I do most earnestly hope you will not find it inconsistent with your convictions of duty to comply with our invitation. Please write me *immediately* that we may know what to depend upon.

Yours in the cause of Christian Freedom,

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY.

Mr. Smith's engagements were such that it was not possible for him to make the journey to Alton. His Diary records the news of Lovejoy's murder in these words:

Nov. 13, 1837. This week we hear of the murder of that dear man of God, Elijah P. Lovejoy. How soon he has gained a martyr's crown!

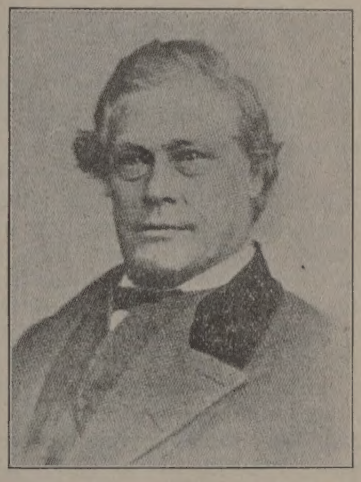
And now the letter first mentioned, that from the martyr's brother. It is written from his home in Oldtown, Maine, November 29th. Its reference to the sorrow of the aged mother over the awful tragedy, suggests the quality of blood and moral fiber which her children had inherited. "Our dear mother," runs the letter, "who is with me, is well-nigh overwhelmed with this, though not quite unexpected, yet terrible calamity. Still she is much sustained by that covenant God in whom she has long trusted, and to whom, I doubt not, from their birth she has consecrated all her children."

"Since the awful tragedy at Alton" (the letter goes on to say), "in which my dear brother was slain, I have felt it my duty to leave my people as soon as circumstances will permit, and collect materials and publish a memoir of him, and also his opinions in relation to slavery, that the whole subject may be shown to the American people in the light of his unblemished character.

"It is thought by the friends of the cause here that this will greatly subserve those interests for which he labored and died. But in order to leave unembarrassed for any considerable time, it is necessary that I should raise about $6,000 to discharge liabilities which will, in a short time fall due. My property would sell, in ordinary times for twenty or more thousand dollars, but the pressure is such that nothing can be done by way of selling at the present time. I wish therefore to procure the sum I have named, as a loan on interest, for three years; and then be free to engage in the work I have mentioned, and shall, if thought desirable, engage for a term of years, or for life more directly in the cause of the slave.

"I need not tell you why I write to you. If you can make this loan or procure it for me, I can give security that will be deemed ample."

Gerrit Smith's reply to Rev. Mr. Lovejoy's request is not in the writer's possession, and he is ignorant of its nature. It was the great panic year, and Mr. Smith had been himself so pressed for money that he had been seriously advised by Judge Cady, his legal adviser, to make an assignment. A loan of a quarter of a million dollars from his father's old partner and his own business friend, John Jacob Astor, had enabled him to tide over the emergency in his affairs; but as appears above, while Gerrit Smith gave away money to every good cause and worthy person when he had it to give, it was a fixed rule with him not to make loans. He did make a loan, years later, to the second brother of the anti-slavery martyr, Owen Lovejoy, without interest, which, by the way, was promptly repaid; and the writer is of the opinion that in some way he contrived to satisfy the needs of Joseph Lovejoy. The memoir contemplated was written and published, the work of the brothers Joseph and Owen jointly.



Owen Lovejoy

Owen Lovejoy, younger brother of the martyr, was pursuing a course of theological training under his brother's direction, when the tragedy occurred. He solemnly dedidated his life to the cause of freedom, and nobly kept his vow. He became pastor of the Congregational Church in Princeton, Ill., where for 17 years he preached against the national sin. He was elected to Congress on the Republican ticket in 1856, and in the House of Representatives ably served the same great cause. H was a friend and correspondent of Gerrit Smith, and visited Peterboro on various occasions. Lincoln was strongly attached to Owen Lovejoy, and said, after the congressman's death in 1864: "Owen Lovejoy was my most generous friend."

A GIFT TO JOHN G. WHITTIER AND CHARACTERISTIC ACTION OF THE QUAKER POET.

Whittier was in poor health in the year 1839, and Gerrit Smith, between whom and the reformer-poet a warm friendship existed, sent him a draft for a sum of money, with the suggestion that he make use of it to help defray the expense of a journey to Europe. In the course of time this acknowledgment came:

Amesbury, 18th, 9th Month, 1839.

My Dear Friend:—I long ago should have acknowledged the receipt by the hands of Brother Stanton of a letter from thyself enclosing a draft on the Utica bank for $150. It was received with no ordinary feelings of gratitude, and had I believed it right for me to visit Europe at that time, I should have made use of it, in the hope, however, of one day repaying it (at least so far as the pecuniary obligation was concerned), but I should still have felt myself greatly thy debtor. But I have not felt easy in my own mind to spend money in travel unless there was at least a good prospect of benefit to my health. As the period to which the draft was limited is now past, I retain it, only as a valued testimonial of thy friendship.

Remember me kindly to thy wife, and believe me most affectionately thy brother in the cause of Liberty.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE CASE OF WILLIAM L. CHAPLIN, HELPER OF RUNAWAY NEGROES.

Reference was made, in the partial enumeration of objects to which Gerrit Smith was a weighty financial

contributor, to the defense of persons under arrest for assisting slaves to escape. A typical instance was that of William L. Chaplin. The Diary says, under date of August 10, 1850:

A letter received this evening contains the intelligence that my very much esteemed and beloved friend, Wm. L. Chaplin, is imprisoned in Washington for assisting slaves to escape. James C. Jackson and Samuel Thomas arrived a few moments after 11. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Thomas leave after an early breakfast to execute some of our plans respecting Brother Chaplin.

November 13th, Mr. Smith writes, in a letter to Mr. May:

I received letters yesterday and the day before from Washington, regarding Chaplin. I believe he will be admitted to bail, but I am not without my fears for the poor fellow. One of my neighbors spent an hour with him a week ago yesterday. He found him fat and happy, and laughing as loud as ever.

Chaplin, in prison, could "laugh as loudly as ever," because resting in the consciousness that money would be forthcoming to employ the best legal talent to attend to his case. A small group of wealthy men, chief among whom were Gerrit Smith and the Tappans, were always ready to respond with their means in defending brethren who found themselves in the toils of the law. There was a cluster of clergymen, of whom May, the Unitarian, and Cheever, the Presbyterian, were fine examples; a similar group among statesmen, represented by Chase, Giddings and Lovejoy, and a constituency of citizens, men and women, whose fidelity and courage made up for the smallness of their numbers, all of whom were alert, active and tireless in serving the interests of a brother in difficulties.

The Diary:

Nov. 19, 1850. Wm. N. Smith arrives at 4 p. m. direct from Maryland, where he has been laboring for the liberation of dear Chaplin. He leaves us at 8 p. m. for Maryland again.

Dec. 26. About 6 o'clock this evening, to my great joy, a sleigh comes to our door, in which is Wm. L. Chaplin, the dear brother who has been in prison since 8th August last. He is accompanied by Wm. R. Smith and wife, of Macedon, Jos. C. Hathaway of Farmington and Theodore Gilbert of Glen Haven. 27. Our friend leaves us at half past 12.

From a letter to Mr. May, April 29, 1851:

Poor Chaplin and his poor friends! I am among his poor friends, having had to advance $10,000 to keep him out of the penitentiary.

ENLISTMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS IN CIVIL WAR.

From the beginning of the Civil War, Gerrit Smith felt assured that the conflict would make an end of the great and tragic subject of contention between the North and South. "The first gun fired at Sumter shot death into slavery," he said. He was urgent for the policy of enlisting the blacks, and believed so thoroughly in their capacity to make good soldiers that he declared, "the side that first arms and organizes the negroes will be victorious in this war." It is well known that President Lincoln was averse to enlisting negroes, as were most of the officers of the army and multitudes of northern civilians. And it was not until the war had been in progress nearly two years that their aid was regularly called in. Governor Andrew of Massachusetts was one of those who strongly favored the organization of colored troops, and to him Mr. Smith sent a money gift to be applied in aid of the proposal, when there seemed a prospect of its being carried out. The Governor's letter in reply is given, as a characteristic utterance of one of the greatest of the "war governors."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Executive Department.
Boston, February 17th, 1863.

Gerrit Smith, Esq.

My Dear Sir:—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your check, payable to my order for $500, to aid in organizing a colored regiment; and I have indorsed it over to Richard P. Hallowell, Esq., who is treasurer of a Committee of Citizens intrusted with the superintendence of the recruiting.

I accept this as an instance—one only of hundreds—of your enlightened liberality, and I am well assured from the character of the Committee and from my own firm resolve that this regiment *shall* succeed,—that nowhere among stocks or shares could you have made a more satisfactory investment.

I have the honor to be, with much respect,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN A. ANDREW.

My Library—No. V.

I would like once more to read the passage in "Youman's New Chemistry" that first revealed to me the indestructibility of force, and the unceasing transmutations of matter that everywhere express its multifarious activity. From its first reading dates my real interest in accurate investigation and the scientific conclusions that logically result therefrom. When later I came to work out some of the problems of chemistry in the laboratory, it seemed that I, too, was thinking the thoughts of God, this time as they truly are. Add to this my first knowledge, gained from Burritt's "Geography of the Heavens," of how the distant moon and sun and even the stars are measured and weighed and predicted as to their course, and almost as to their destiny, and no wonder that my conception of the Universe and the Power expressed by it became so awe-inspiring, that all else, other than further study and discovery and application to daily life of the different sciences, seemed but secondary in importance or attractiveness. Then followed my study of the flowers and trees and all their fruitage, in Gray's "Field Forest and Garden Botany." And who again could fail to see how wonderful is the structure of everything, and how inspiring the thought of Him who paints it all so exquisitely, and reveals himself everywhere so clearly, if we will but look! Finally, when I came to comprehend some of the more delicate co-ordinations and balancings and adaptations of every tissue and organ in the human body, I was quite ready to affirm anew and once for all, that man was not only created in His image originally, but is now and ever shall be the veri-similitude of the Creator Himself, world without end!

All this prepared me to subscribe for and read most diligently *The Popular Science Monthly*, first issued in 1871. How its succeeding numbers did inform and thrill and satisfy me! What Tyndall said, what Huxley said, what Mivart said, what Spencer said, what was said in a famous symposium on "The Influence Upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief," by Sir James Stephen, Dr. Martineau, Frederic Harrison, Prof. Clifford and others; or in that other so fruitful one on "The Soul and Future Life," engaged in by Lord Selbourne, W. G. Wood, Frederic Harrison and still others; or what Prof. Robertson Smith had to affirm respecting "The Bible;" or what Prof. Thomson disclosed as to the "Development of the Forms of Animal Life;" but why continue in this strain? Everything in the regular issues of the *Monthly*, and especially in the various "Supplements," issued later from time to time, served to keep me continuously alive intellectually, even when all else

seemingly would have had me slowly die down to the conventional limits of thought and appreciation, from which there may be no resuscitation! If ever anything has struck this perplexed and groping world opportunely and forcibly enough to save it from essential stagnation, it was the popular scientific movement voiced by *The Popular Science Monthly* and "The International Scientific Series" of books, published simultaneously by the same firm and under the same editorship. Without these publications Darwin's "The Origin of Species," already published a dozen years before, would have largely remained a foreign book to me, while Tyndall's "Fragments of Science" and Huxley's "Lay Sermons" might have lain in all America's unfathomable dust for years, possibly. At any rate, for one I am indebted to this opportune tide of scientific reading for so many conceptions that have since proven stable and encouraging, that My Library shelves would be bare indeed in many places, did they not still hold a number of these volumes that contemporaneously found an honorable place there. Moreover I suspect the world itself will sometime get to realize more and more that it owes an unpayable debt to the foresight, the courage and the perseverance of Professor Edmund L. Youmans, who thus furnished the American public with the foremost voices in the popular scientific world, even though it be a fact that, as yet, Britain's "monumental " Encyclopedia has found no page for which he has seemed to be worthy.

In this connection it would be negligent indeed were I not to remember also the comfort I got from simultaneously noting how the scientific method could be used to make history and the deductions therefrom more in accordance with the meanings of the necessary observations and experiences of present everyday life. This came to me first in Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," which I was led to add to My Library, chiefly, as I remember, because of the attractiveness of its title. It has been retained, however, with unusual satisfaction, simply because its reading has almost always proved to be not only comprehensively profitable, but much more interesting than that of many other historical works, especially of the older, commoner sort; for, undoubtedly, while the author's viewpoint and method have not been altogether acceptable to more modern students and readers, yet, where in a single moderately extended historical work can one get so much that is so actually informing and stimulating, as in Draper? For me it led, in time, to my reading the volumes of Guizot, Leckey and Buckle, and from these, of course, I got much that more or less amplified and confirmed what Draper had said. But it is to the latter that I have returned much the more frequently, and always with the assurance that I would not be disappointed with results. Naturally, Draper's subsequent volume, "Conflict Between Religion and Science," was gleaned with a greedy mind; and in this, too, I found much that was enriching; only, as have others also, I had almost fully to dissent from the assumption that Religion should thus be made to stand so exclusively for Theology and Ecclesiasticism, especially in the way in which Draper seemed to make it; and, at the time, I rather rebelled against this. But reading later still Andrew D. White's "The Warfare of Science" served to set matters aright mostly, and so Draper came again to be authoritatively accepted, as to spirit thoroughly, and as to fact, usually, without question.

Of course, the reading of such books necessarily tends to disrupt one's dogmatisms in every way, so much so, that only after a broader acquaintance with the many auxiliary branches of human belief, does one learn how to glean from the mass of seemingly overpowering facts, the spirit of them all, by which process only can the soul be really assured permanently of its own existence and function. Even "Scientific Materialism," the term that John Tyndall had so convincingly conjured with in his *Address at Norwich,* in 1868, had yet these closing sentences:

> Mystery is not without its uses. It certainly may be made a power in the human soul; yet it is a power which has feeling, not knowledge, for its base. It may be, will be, and I hope is turned to account, both in steadying and strengthening the intellect, and in rescuing man from that littleness to which, in the struggle for existence, as for precedence in the world, he is constantly prone.

And so one finds, eventually, that it is not so entirely what one knows as matters of fact that most vitally influences him for his permanent good; it is rather how he feels towards all that he knows or does not know; that is to say, it is the attitude of soul that he undeviatingly maintains toward the universe in which he lives, toward its men and women universally, and especially toward his own particular self; in fact, that it is not so much how one conceives life in its more obvious, superficial aspects, as how he conceives it in its deeper more mysterious ones, where he naturally comes more intimately into touch with the Great Mystery itself, an association that very naturally has a most potent influence for good or evil, for happiness or the reverse, upon us all. With this attitude of soul, carefully maintained, one soon learns that the Spirit of Life is everywhere, beyond cavil; but that our realization of this Spirit consciously, depends both on the way we look at it, and the way we cultivate our powers of apprehension and appreciation. The cold facts of history, especially of religious history, are often quite enough to chill every sort of aspirational and developmental warmth; and so with the just as cold facts of natural science; and yet one duly sees that these all, when rightly apprehended as varied expressions of the Life of the Spirit, and as varied manifestations of the great Force and Direction creating and sustaining everything, are evidently the ultimate sources of very much that we consider truest and best.

Nor does it matter much whether we call these ultimate sources "Matter," or "Force," or "The Unknowable," or the "Zeit-Geist," or "The Atman," or "The Infinite," or "God," or "Christ," or "Holy Spirit;" the really needful thing is, that we recognize this creative energy as clearly as possible, appreciate it as fully as possible, and lend ourselves unreservedly to its instructions, and try to put ourselves "in tune" with it, in every phase and direction possible. The life that entertains such influences and cultivates itself accordingly, is sure, eventually, to be able to dissolve every difference of opinion and diversity of fact in the alembic of its own sincerity and unselfish activity; and the product derived therefrom, —a larger comprehension and a deeper appreciation, —will be a new assurance of its own integrity and eternal permanency, as well.

No faleshood, even by implication, could in this connection be more shameful, than for me to neglect acknowledging the fulness of my indebtedness to John Fiske, whose books came to me somewhat later, both as an expositor of Modern Science, and as a brilliant historian. Neither Spencer, nor Darwin, nor Tyndall, nor Huxley, nor Clifford, nor anyone else, apparently, could have done for me what Fiske so easily did, by way of helping me more clearly to understand the meaning and trend of the scientific movement in all its ramifications; although my preparation for being helped by him was undoubtedly in my having read these main promoters of it long before he first came to my attention. But when he did come, the attraction and command were as immediate as irresistible; and so it has been ever since; when I want to read something truly scientific, truly thought-releasing, truly enjoyable, I turn to Fiske with an eagerness that often surprises me. And when I want also to read History, and be troubled by no doubts as to being satisfied, there seems to be no real substitute for him; not even Parkman, nor Green, nor MacMaster, nor anyone can quite say things as he does, and with such satisfaction to my understanding and spirit. My nine fully illustrated volumes *de luxe* of American History constitute an addition to My Library' so choice that I am often fain to let my eyes dwell upon them unduly. And so is it with the two big volumes of "Essays;" and so, too, with the many little volumes of papers and lectures, which contain so much of brave and glorious message to inquiring minds. "Through Nature to God" ought to be in every household library in the land; and I have no hesitancy in believing that "The Idea of God," and "Immortality," should be given equal prominence. So well-informd, so reasonable, so reverent, so inspiring are they, that simply to mention them would seem to be all that is necessary to command universal attention and respect and use.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

"A Publisher's Life of a Publisher"

It is rarely that a volume of memoirs secures such detailed attention and such an undissenting verdict of approval from editors the world over as has been bestowed upon George Palmer Pntnam, the interesting life of the founder of *G. P. Putnam's Sons,* prepared by his son, George Haven Putnam, the present head of the firm. The unanimity of the approval is all the more impressive when one considers that few of the present generation of reviewers could have had personal relations with the American publisher, and their encomia represent, therefore, an unbiassed testimonial to the intrinsic interest of Mr. Putnam's life, so rich in its diversified activity and in its solid accomplishment. To the praise bestowed by such critics as Percy F. Bicknell, who pronounces the book "a memoir packed with both literary and human interest," and George H. Fitch, who calls attention to the fact that "the book is a good one to read in these days when money-making has come to be looked upon as the greatest test of success," must be added the verdict of John Collins Francis, editor of the *Athenæum,* who, in writing to the publishers, states, "I never read with greater delight any biography than that of your noble founder."

THE STUDY TABLE

Random Readings

Like a voice from the unseen comes a new volume by Cardinal Newman, yet here it is; this time "Sermon Notes" (*Longman & Green*), gathered like precious leaves from scraps of paper on which the great preacher was wont to jot down the notes of his sermons after he had delivered them. He seldom used notes in the pulpit during his Catholic years, and these jottings, gathered into a volume by the brethren of the Oratory, covering the period between 1849 and 1878, make a rare book. They are characteristic, for Newman never put pen to paper that he did not leave an impress of his soul. What was the charm of Newman? Was it his demand for reality—and his mysticism? Perhaps; but for some of us it lies in his motto, "Heart speaketh to heart," and, though dead, he yet speaketh.

At last we have the key to "The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray," given us in a study as thorough as it is rich in insight, by N. W. Stephenson. (*Doran Co.*) Recall those last, sad haunting words of Vanity Fair: "Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or having it is satisfied?" And then turn to "The Newcomers," that great story built upon the faith that "the Father of all sends illness, death, care and grief out of which come love, steadfastness and consolation." It is hard to think that the same man wrote both stories. Nor was it the same man, for the old Thackeray was dead, along with the old doubt, and a new man had come. Therein lay the greatness of the man—that he beat his music out and found his way to a high and tender faith. It was a struggle to free himself from the clutch of fatalism, and a hard struggle, too. But he won it, and with it the liberty that comes to those who know the love of God. It was all summed up in a prayer which he wrote asking that he might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God and man, might always speak the truth and never work for gain—a prayer which closed with the words, "For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord."

Almost every month brings a new study of Ibsen, but it is rather startling to be told that he was as truly a religious mystic as Francis of Assisi! Yet such is the pronouncement of Henry Rose in his most suggestive essay on "Ibsen, Poet, Mystic and Novelist." (*Dodd, Mead Co.*) In the sense that mysticism is the raw material, so to speak, of all faith of whatever kind, such a statement may be true; but otherwise it is absurd. The author traces the development of the master of the modern stage through his various phases, with special emphasis on the psychological and symbolical plays of his later life. There is something strangely fascinating about Ibsen in his last period. He seemed to hear the beating of dark pinions over his head, and hastened to finish his work ere the Night came—a night which for him had so long a twilight. He will be studied many years hence unless all signs fail.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

Good Books

I have from *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* Emerson's Journals from 1856 to 1863. Who is Emerson? Fortunately we have not outlived, not quite, the privilige of leaving the initials off this pre-eminent name. But Emerson in chips! I don't say that I like it. It does not let in side lights on our prophet! But only such shape and size of lights as the editors like. However, knowing Mr. Emerson during these years that are here journalized, I am able to use the fragments to construct something definite. It is a good book for a thinking man to get mad over. Did Emerson ever say a lot of the things in this book? If so, he jotted them down to be reviewed before giving them to the public. However, there is not a page, or hardly one, that has not something that says, "This is the way that genius sees things." That is all there is to it; it is the way that Emerson saw everything about him, and in this way recreated a fine world, and ennobled the failures. When will our schools teach vision, instead of stuffing the memory? Look for yourselves, boys.

You cannot do a better thing than keep posted on bird protection, and how to help. Here it is, time that the robins were filling our bay-heads and other retreats, for the winter. So far I have heard or seen but one. They were murdered by the tens of thousands during the last two years, especially as they were going north in the spring of 1912. They met very bad weather, which kept driving them back for a full month. All this while they were badly exposed to every gun and every scamp behind it. Fortunately we can report more good legslation to protect the migratory birds than has ever before been enacted. They will after this be comparatively safe. Many of the states are beginning to claim the birds as state property, and that is right, provided they will take care of their property. The wardens in Florida are now guarding the egrets with great care. In Georgia twelve hundred are guarded in one colony. You will find the whole story admirably told in *"Bird Lore,"* published by *Appleton & Co.*

E. P. Powell.

AT THE CLOSED GATE OF JUSTICE

To be a Negro in a day like this
  Demands forgiveness. Bruised with blow on blow,
Betrayed, like him whose woe-dimmed eyes gave bliss,
  Still must one succor those who brought one low,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this
  Demands rare patience—patience that can wait
In utter darkness. 'Tis the path to miss,
  And knock, unheeded, at an iron gate,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this
  Demands strange loyalty. We serve a flag
Which is to us white freedom's emphasis.
  Ah! one must love, when truth and justice lag,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this—
  Alas! Lord God, what evil have we done?
Still shines the gate, all gold and amethyst,
  But I pass by, the glorious goal unwon,
"Merely a Negro"—in a day like *this!*

The Century. —*James D. Crothers.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

A Years Work

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

IV.

I. Esdras

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

Text: *"Great is Truth, and mighty above all things."* —*I. Esdras IV:41.*

That Alexander advanced civilization one hundred years, in eight years, is the opinion of Mahaffey; that he really advanced civilization five hundred years is a statement not improbable. He not only changed the political boundaries of the world but he cosmopolitanized the world with Greek culture and thrilled three continents with throbs of new life, if we give Africa credit for that Nile and South Mediterranean coast civilization. His influence was not felt so immediately in Europe but it grew very rapidly after his death.

It is probably true that the first time any sacred scriptures, holy writings, were translated into another language, deliberately, not for missionary uses, but for the needs of the devotees themselves, occurred in Alexandria perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty years after the founding of the city.

The Septuagint, which we will study more in detail later, comes from a Greek word meaning seventy, and seventy is a round number for seventy-two in this case. There came to be more Jews in Alexandria than in Jerusalem, perhaps, certainly there was more intellectual life among them, and the young Jews in the former city fell under local influences there as the young Jews do now in America, and became more conversant with the local than with the inherited tongue. The boy talked in the alien tongue to the mother and father and they replied in Hebrew, which is an experience realized in thousands and thousands of homes in America today. The time came when Jewish children could not read the Torah, to the distress, of course, of priest and parent. The ruling power, perhaps the first Ptolemy who was sympathetic and anxious to give the Jews the full privileges of Alexandria, made provision, in the Alexandrian Library, to have rendered into the Greek vernacular the Hebrew law book. The real process, which is true of all such translations, developed slowly, piece-meal, in fragments from various sources and in times and places now unknown. But the pious tradition is, that in order that the translation of the word of Jehovah might be reliable and authoritative, six scholars were elected from each of the twelve tribes of Israel. Each scholar was given a separate cell and commanded to render the Torah into Greek. The task was accomplished in the seventy-two different cells, in an astonishingly short space of time, and when the various translations were compared they proved absolutely

identical in every syllable, letter and punctuation, so they were called the seventy-two, or as it came to be—the Septuagint. This Greek translation of the Old Testament covered at first only the Torah, though the Catholic Church and the conservative Jew—each will tell you that the translation of the whole Old Testament was accomplished in this way.

Of course such a thing is incredible. Except in the imagination of the pious, were there ever twelve tribes? There should have been, because there were twelve sons of Jacob and naturally each one should have become the head of a tribe! It is easy to fix a tradition to meet the ideal, the fancy, the dream, if you put it far enough back in a sufficiently obscure epoch.

The Torah, the first five books of Moses, is to an orthodox Jew the most sacred revelation of Jehovah, made through Moses to the children of Israel. In the time of Jesus the chief distinction between the Sadducee and the Pharisee was that the Sadducee claimed the Torah as the only authoritative scripture. It is still a contention between the Jews and the Samaritans, the latter accept the Torah as the only authoritative scripture. Last year we learned to call this book the Hexateuch, for it includes the book of Joshua.

I. Esdras (Esdras is the Latin way of spelling Ezra), is the first book in the old code of the Catholic Church, completed in the third or fourth century, and found in the orthodox collection in what we call the Apocrypha. It is of immense interest to the analytic student of this literature because, with one single exception, it is simply a book of extracts from the earlier books, probably compiled in order to make popular and available the rich stories of the past for present inspiration. In Alexandria they were building a replica, as near as might be, a reproduction, of the Temple in Jerusalem, probably a far more magnificent building as there were more wealthy Jews in Alexandria than in Jerusalem. Solomon's temple would have been a shack compared with the Sinai Temple in Chicago, and if analogies are to be trusted, we may think of the new temple in Alexandria as very fine. The pious felt that the Temple must be used, and so the scholars wrote to popularize the stories of the heroic age of Jewish history, to inspire their youth with a love of their traditions. I. Esdras is a very loose, inaccurate, unreliable compilation from 1st and 2nd Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah. The contents according to Churton, are derived as follows:

Chapter I—II Chron. XXXV and XXXVI.
Chapter II, 1-15—Ezra 1:1-12.
Chapter II, 16-30—Ezra IV:17-24.
Chapter III, IV—Ezra V:1-6.
Chapter V, 6-73—Ezra II, III, IV:1-5.
Chapter VI and VII—Ezra V and VI.
Chapter VIII—Ezra VII, VIII, IX, X:1-5.
Chapter IX, 1-36—Ezra X:6-44.
Chapter IX, 37-55—Neh. VII; 73 to VIII:12.

The books of Ezra and Nehemiah are concerned with the return from captivity and rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem. The first return, made under Zerubbabel, as given in our Old Testament study last year, is reinforced in this Greek compilation by the classic story of chapters three to five, not found in the Protestant Bible; it is written in exceptionally good Greek and translated into good English. This is a story with a purpose. Zerubbabel was cup-bearer or messenger at the court of the King of Persia, a loyal Jew serving at the throne of the great king and daring to demand that he make good his vow to restore Jerusalen. This, we recognize at once, is a beautiful classic, a literary gem, a novelette with a perfectly clear purpose, to stimulate the young men, to confirm the Rabbis in their zeal and loyalty, to encourage loyalty to religion and to bring pressure to bear upon Ptolemy to induce him to be as generous to the people as Darius had been.

As history this story is worthless. It was in existence at the time of Josephus who tried to retell it in such fashion as not to glaringly conflict with Ezra and Nehemiah. As an infallible book of religion we do not need I. Esdras. But we do need it as a literary gem picked out of the life of Alexandria about two hundred years before the time of Jesus.

How absolutely has the teaching of the story above alluded to stood the test of philosophy, of science, of history and of human experience! After all, stronger than wine, stronger than Kings, stronger than women, is just the plain, unvarnished simple truth. This is text for a sermon just as much needed now as then. How hard it is for us to trust the naked truth; to believe that truth is stronger than armies. and that, in the long run, it cannot be defeated by wine, kings, or women? All those who believe a righteous cause can be promoted in any way except by truth need this lesson.

QUESTIONS

1. What does the word Septuagint mean?
2. Tell the tradition of the first translation of the Torah.
3. What was the need of such a translation?
4. What does the word Esdras mean?
5. Give general content of book.
6. Read story given in Esdras III-IV:1-42.
7. How does this apply to the world today?

WHAT DID YOU DO?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so he fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
Did you bid him good cheer?Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares
That is every man's load and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you,
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand
When a man's borne about all that a man ought to stand?
Did you ask what it was—why the quivering lip,
And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?
Were you a brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him—or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man
To find what the grief is and help what you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you meant—what you say may be true—
But the test of your manhood is, What did you do?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road?
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

SUN.—Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

MON.—A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

TUES.—Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?

WED.— Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in today already walks tomorrow.

THURS.—I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose,—words in their best order; poetry,—the best words in their best order.

FRI.—Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

SAT.—He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—S. T. Coleridge.

THE BRAVE BARNACLE

There was a little Barnacle
Stuck closely to a ship,
As through the raging, roaring waves
The vessel went "ker-zip"!
"Oh, my!" exclaimed the Barnacle.
"This trip will be our last,
Unless through all this tempest
I manage to stick fast."

The waves dashed o'er them, mountain high,
And icy was the air,
But plucky little Barnacle
Kept sticking closely there.
And when at last, all danger past,
The vessel came to land,
The happy little Barnacle
Felt very, very grand.

He swelled with pride. "Hooray!" he cried.
"I've conquered wind and wave!
I bravely stuck fast to my post,
Our noble ship to save!
The sailors, too, it's very true,
Showed splendid nerve and pluck;
But I could see they needed me,
So to the ship I stuck!"

Youth's Companion. *—Carolyn Wells.*

Suggestions on Education and Life

The following are interesting paragraphs bearing upon education and life. The first of these, from the *Journal of Education,* uses the term "education," but touches only upon the training or technical side of education. Such an education is only an apprenticeship and neglects everything except the things that can be measured in terms of bread and meat. It is a sad condition of degeneration if "public education" must be measured in this way—and only in this way. Carlyle and Emerson both have something to say on this matter and their suggestions are worth noting, even today. There certainly should be some provision made in "public education" for that portion of the coming generation who see that the life is more than raiment:

"Public education ought to be founded squarely on modern industrial life. The schools should not make an exception of certain pupils on the theory that they will be obliged to earn a living. They should deal with every pupil on the theory that he will be obliged to earn a living. The education which, on the whole, is most suitable and valuable for machinists, plumbers, farmers, salesmen, printers, lawyers, doctors and policemen is the only sort the public ought to furnish.

This does not mean that education should be less "liberal." There is as good a road to Shakespeare through a book on gardening as through one filled with silly rules for conjugating verbs. There is far more real education in teaching a child of twelve how shoes come to be on his feet than in bewildering him by tricky problems in fractions. There is infinitely more American history in a toy steam engine than in the dates of battles. Public education should be designed, frankly and expressly, to 'cash in.' It is not so designed now—and it doesn't."—*Exchange.*

Time Changes in the United States

The earth turns toward the east, as we all know in seeing the sun rise in the east and set in the west. Those living in the eastern part of the United States get sunrise, therefore, much earlier than those in the western part. This difference in time is some three hours, but the earth rolls regularly, which makes the difference in time extend regularly across the United States, so that, strictly speaking, there is a different time for every step westward clear across the continent. It would, however, not be practical to have such a gradation of time, so it has been found better to make the changes by hours rather than by set gradation, and so to prevent the confusion of having an indefinite number of different times. Therefore, the United States has been divided into four sections of so-called "Standard Time"—Eastern Time, Central Time, Mountain Time, and Pacific Time.

Standard time was adopted in the United States on November 18, 1883.

Eastern Standard Time is used in the section, or zone, through the center of which, from north to south, runs the 75th meridian, while the regions using Central, Mountain and Pacific Standard Time have for their central line the 90th, 105th and 120th meridans, respectively. The line where one zone adjoins another, however, is not rigidly observed, but is regulated somewhat by the convenience of the railroads and by local usage.

Youth's Companion.

"You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek? What is this Beauty?' Men will ask in derision. If nevertheless God has called you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true.

"When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I; I renounce. I am sorry for it, my early vision. I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season'—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand men."—*Emerson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE IN AMERICA.

The class which has been studying Immigration for the last three months under the leadership of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, met at Lincoln Center, February 23, to learn something about the Chinese and Japanese in America.

Mr. Jones had invited Mr. Menoza Utsurikawa, formerly from Tokio but now a senior in the Chicago University, to speak on the Japanese immigration. Mr. T. Z. Zee from Shanghai, a graduate from the Wisconsin University, who is now doing advanced work in the Chicago University, was asked to talk about the Chinese.

Mr. Menoza Utsurikawa said he gave the latest figures on Japanese immigration regarding 1st—the number of residents in this country. 2nd—the proportion returning to Japan; 3rd—their distribution here in America; 4th—the occupations they enter; 5th—the acreage of the land owned by them.

As most of us are too indolent to go ourselves to the official reports on immigration for definite information in regard to these interesting items, his figures were quite apropos. From the statistics given, however, not all present arrived at Mr. Utsurikawa's conclusions, namely; that "as the number of Japanese going back is almost larger than the number coming in it is a small matter to make such a big fuss about."

The following figures quoted by him are worth glancing at:

1. On Japanese living in United States:

In 1868 there were 6 Japanese here.
In 1890 there were 2,300 Japanese here.
In 1904 there were 53,764 Japanese here.
In 1908 there were 103,683 Japanese here.
In 1909 there were 98,714 Japanese here.
In 1912 there were 93,751, and of these 83.8 per cent were males.

2. On the number admitted and returning to Japan:

1908—Admitted, 3,826; returned, 5,493.
1909—Admitted, 1,913; returned, 4,538.
1910—Admitted, 2,593; returned, 5,024.
1912—Admitted, 4,984; returned, 6,071.

3. On the distribution of Japanese in United States:

California has more Japanese than any other state, namely, about 58,555. Then comes Washington with 10,000, Colorado with 3,556, and after that Oregon, New York and Idaho have the greatest number.

4. On occupations that Japanese enter:

In 1910 3 per cent of the total number of Japanese immigrants here were in professional occupations.

6 per cent were in skilled occupations.
52 per cent were farm laborers.
9 per cent ordinary laborers.
29 per cent were in other occupations.

5. On the acreage of land owned by Japanese:

41,388 acres of land in United States, including 1-2,000 per cent only of the arable land in California, is owned by Japanese.

Mr. Utsurikawa said his life in the Chicago University, where there are 1,000 Chinese and 798 Japanese and representatives from other nationalities and races, had taught him that outside differences such as color, stature, etc., are very superficial. When you get down to fundamentals there are no great differences. He thinks the Japanese problem would be easily solved if the United States would treat the Japanese as it does other immigrants—subject the Japanese to the same restrictions to which other immigrants are subjected, and to no more. If they are given the privilege of becoming citizens, the Japanese will be found to be an industrious, law abiding, contented people.

Mr. T. Z. Zee, the Chinese representative, spoke of the indignities to which students are subjected when they wish to come from China to America. Even when they have their passports they are often delayed for months. He suggested first, that the United States should make uniform immigration laws for all nationalities and for all races; whatever the tests may be, make them apply alike to all who come into the country.

Second, protect the immigrant in the Unied States by federal and not by state laws as the state government is inadequate; third, grant students holding passports admission without further delay, and fourth, give all immigrants in the United States as well as native born Americans an opportunity for education and for business in any line.

He spoke of the Chinese and Japanese in Hawaii as capable, industrious and law abiding. They are leaders in Hawaii affairs and deeply resent the exclusion law. He thinks restriction is due not so much to the economic problem involved as to race prejudice.

Both Mr. Zee and Mr. Utsurikawa had much more to give than the short time allotted to each permitted. A short period of interesting discussion followed the addresses and then the season's study of the Immigration problem in the United States, with special reference to Chicago, came to an end. The classes have had an average attendance of about twenty-five; the interest has been great. Other nationalities discussed in the early part of the season will be reported during coming weeks.

BERTHA VAN HOVE.

CHURCH BUILDING OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Not only on the frontier, in the far-away prairies and mountain gorges of western Canada and western United States, is the pioneer spirit and personal self-sacrifice manifesting itself in religious institutions, but here, in the wilder wilderness of Chicago, there was rededicated the other day with hearty devoutness the restored, enlarged and

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reconstructed Universalist Church of Woodlawn. A little over a year ago the little old chapel was tottering, the wooden posts upon which it rested were rotten, and it was an unsafe place for the little discouraged audience to gather. There was no money to build a new church or even rehabilitate the old; but Rev. Mr. Mueller, the pastor, was a man of faith, and he gathered about him a few young men of zeal and purpose and these went to work, carpenter, plumber, electrician, painter, as the case might be. Each in his own "tongue" rallied around the pastor, in overalls, and for nearly a year, after the day's work was done, during holiday time and vacation season, these contributors in kind made a little money go far. The little church was raised and placed on a brick foundation, the walls of the old building were stuccoed, commodious social rooms below and attractive auditorium above were decorated with taste, simplicity of outline and harmony of color, testifying to the artistic efficiency of these volunteer, and in many cases, amateur, workmen. An adequate heating system was also installed by these volunteer laborers. The re-dedication on the Go-to-Church Sunday of February first consisted of a double service with a noon luncheon served between, and addresses by the new pastors of the wealthier in purse, but perhaps poorer in spirit, St. Paul's Universalist Church in the city and Unity Church of Oak Park, and Reverends Brigham, Taylor, the pastor of All Souls Church, and others. Thus is the Pentecostal Season possible in a big city.

ALCOHOL RAVAGES IN FRANCE

A distinguished scientist says that France is the nation where cradles and coffins are running neck and neck, with the coffins running in the lead. M. Poincaire, president of France, was the center of a remarkable incident a few weeks ago in connection with the president's official visit to St. Antoine Hospital. When he arrived at the clinic of Dr. Lucien Jacquet, accompanied by a full suite of officials, La Croix Bleue relates, the physician had before him an alcoholic subject, a man with dull, emaciated face.

"This is a case of alcohol cirrhosis," said the surgeon, "and if you will permit me, Mr. President, I will show you some figures of other alcoholic cases collected by my assistant, Dr. Lebar. From the first of May, 1912, to the first of February, 1913, we have questioned 308 patients concerning their consumption of wine and of spirits and as to the number of their children living and dead. Here are the sorrowful results of our inquiry. One hundred and eleven patients who had consumed alcohol moderately have lost sixty-six children, or 18.41 per cent, of all born to them. Eighty patients who drank heavily have lost seventy-three children, or 20.33 per cent. One hundred and seventeen patients who drank very heavily have lost 220 children, or 61.22 per cent."

Don't forget that this happened in FRANCE. In F-R-A-N-C-E, where there is no temperance problem "because the people drink light wines" in large quantities, you know."—*The American Issue.*

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